

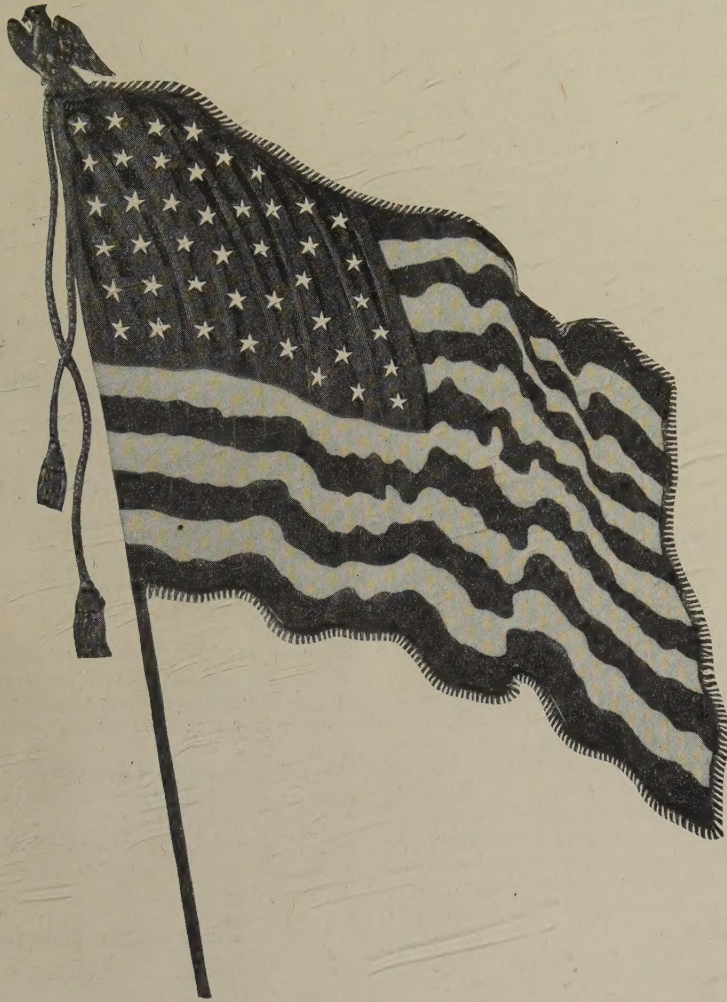
THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VIII. No. 34

THE BEACON PRESS, BOSTON, MASS.

MAY 26, 1918



Our Flag.

WHY do I love our flag? Ask why
Flowers love the sunshine. Or ask
why
The needle turns with eager eye
Toward the great star in northern sky.
I love Old Glory, for it waved
Where loyal hearts the Union saved.
I love it, since it shelters me
And all most dear, from sea to sea.
I love it, for it bravely flies

In freedom's cause, 'neath foreign skies.
I love it for its blessed cheer,
Its starry hopes and scorn of fear;
For good achieved and good to be
To us and to humanity.
It is the people's banner bright,
Forever guiding toward the light;
Foe of the tyrant, friend of right,
God give it leadership and might!

EDWARD A. HORTON.

Earning Old Glory.

BY IRENE S. WOODCOCK.

IT was the only house on the street where
Old Glory was not flying. From window,
doorway, or flagpole, the Stars and
Stripes blew gaily in the breeze.

Sidney Rush, down at the front gate, looked
back at the little house ruefully.

"You little, tiny house," he said scornfully.
"I thought I loved you, and liked living in
you. But you're so small—and poor—that
you can't even support our country's flag."

He turned his back on it, and, resting his
elbows upon the gate, stood thoughtfully

with downcast eyes, until roused by a merry
voice.

"Please, may I come in?" cried his sister.

As he opened the gate and stepped aside
for her to enter, his face still wore a frown.

"You look as black as a thunder-cloud,"
said Marjorie, pausing inside the gate.
"Were you kept after school?"

"No, Marjorie, I was just thinking. It
is pretty hard to be so poor that we can't
have even a flag—our country's flag."

Marjorie looked sober, and then smiled
brightly.

"We aren't poor, Sidney." Her idea of
being poor was hunger, cold, and lack of

shelter. And these wants she knew did
not enter their lives.

"Well, you know what I mean," answered
Sidney.

"Yes," she replied, "and I've wanted a
flag as badly as you have, for ever so long.
But you know they do cost a lot, Sidney,
and there are so many of us."

"I know," he answered; and turning at
that minute, he waved his hand to his three-
year-old brother in the window. "And
the little old house wouldn't be much with-
out every one of us, either," he added.
"But isn't there some way we can earn
money to buy one? Can't you think of some-
thing we could do?"

Marjorie shook her head.

"We're not people in stories, you know,
who do such wonderful things. But I'll
think hard, and maybe between us we will
find a way."

Presently, Marjorie had an idea. It was
early spring—just the time when flowers
appeal most to people in the city. Why
not gather and sell spring flowers? At first
Sidney did not seem very enthusiastic.

"This is arbutus time, Sidney," she re-
minded him. "And you know how every
one loves that. Last spring, Cousin Effie
and I discovered the finest place to gather
it; and there must be quantities of it in
bloom. Let's go to the woods to-morrow
and look for it. And I'll go and ask
this florist now if he will buy what we
gather."

Without waiting for her brother to object,
she entered the shop and unfolded her plan
to the proprietor, who promised to buy all
they brought in. The next day being
Saturday, and it still being early for arbutus,
he felt that it would find a ready sale.

She returned in much elation to Sidney.

"There is our start," she said.

That afternoon as Sidney was delivering
papers on his route, he stopped as usual at
the home of Miss Jane Selby. Miss Jane
lived alone in the lovely old Selby home-
stead, at the far end of the town. As
Sidney called "Paper!" and rang the bell,
Miss Jane appeared at the door.

"You haven't seen anything of Nugget,
have you, Sidney?" she asked. Nugget was
Miss Jane's small Boston bulldog, and
greatly beloved by her. "He has been lost
since day before yesterday."

"No, I haven't, Miss Jane," answered
Sidney. "But I'll keep a good watch out
and let you know if I see him," he con-
tinued as he ran down the steps.

The next morning their mother consented
to their going to the woods, which were not
far from the outskirts of the town, and
Sidney and Marjorie set forth in high glee,
with a substantial lunch, and a good-sized
basket in which to bring home the fragrant
blossoms.

Marjorie found the spot which she had
discovered the year before, and soon they had
cut a quantity of the dainty flowers. They
ate their lunch, seated upon a fallen log in
the sunshine, and built many aircastles.

"We must have at least a dollar's worth," figured Marjorie.

"More than that," insisted Sidney. "But there is one more place we will go, and then we must get back, so the florist can have the afternoon in which to sell it," he added, as Marjorie gathered the remnants of the lunch and tied them up carefully. Nothing was wasted at the Rush home, and these would help feed the chickens.

"Is it very far, Sidney?" she asked.

"Not so very," he answered. "Just over the brow of the hill, and down by the old Marsh house."

Marjorie knew the spot, and they trudged up the hill, and then down to the other side to the place where the old Marsh house sat, unoccupied and forlorn.

"Doesn't it look desolate?" asked Marjorie. "Who would ever build a house in such a spot?"

"It didn't seem so to them," responded Sidney. "Mother says that the gayest times in all the country were held in this house when she was a girl."

"It's spooky," insisted his sister; and Sidney laughed.

"There should be lots of arbutus right here," he said, kneeling beneath a large tree, and pushing aside the leaves and mold.

"O Sidney, let's go," returned Marjorie. "I don't like it here a bit." The sky had grown dark and there was a chill in the wind.

"Oh, come on! you know we're working for our flag," he persisted. At that, Marjorie knelt beside him and was rewarded by uncovering a thick growth of arbutus. They worked in silence for a few minutes; then she spoke:

"Sidney, I believe it's raining." He held his face up to the sky.

"It surely is," he replied, as the drops came faster and faster. "We'd better go up on the porch," he suggested.

They ran to the porch, and the rain began to come down in torrents. The old house seemed more friendly, too, and Marjorie was very glad they had sought its shelter.

"Doesn't any of the family ever come here any more?" she asked, looking at the heavily boarded windows.

"Dad says that once a month the caretaker comes and goes through it, to see that everything is all right. There isn't much of value left in it, but probably the mantels and doors would bring a large sum."

As he spoke, a crash of thunder came roaring about them with a fresh rush of wind and driving rain. Sidney pulled her closer to the extra shelter provided by the doorway; but when they leaned back against the door, it gave way under their combined weight and they fell backward to the floor.

Sidney was the first to pick himself up, as another crash of thunder shook the house, accompanied by a blinding glare of lightning.

"This is better than staying outside, after all," he said. "We would have been drenched in a few minutes more."

"What happened?" asked Marjorie, dazedly.

"Either the door wasn't closed tightly, or the old catch didn't hold," he replied.

"Well," began Marjorie, when she was started by a strange noise coming from inside the closed door at their right.

Then the sound was repeated. A faint scratching, and a low cry reached their ears. "What can it be?" whispered Marjorie, at last.

"I don't know," answered her brother.

"But we must investigate. It wouldn't be human, not to. You stay where you are, and I'll look."

He made a few steps toward the door from within which came the strange noise which was now becoming more frequent. But Marjorie was at his side. Summoning all his courage, Sidney turned the knob, and to their surprise and delight, out ran—Miss Jane's dog! He looked thin, and after the first rush seemed too weak to stand. So Marjorie stooped and picked him up, cuddling him in her arms.

"You poor little thing," she comforted. "You must have been down here when the door blew open letting you in, and then blew shut again so you couldn't get out. See, Sidney, he is trying to lick my hand."

"He must be half starved," returned Sidney. "Wasn't there a little food left from lunch?"

"Yes," answered Marjorie, "and he must be nearly dying of thirst. The rain is letting up. Can't we go outside and let him drink from a puddle?"

The dog was very thirsty, and drank freely from one of the pools of water formed in the hollow of a step. And when offered the remnants of the lunch, he ate voraciously, wagging his tail and looking pleadingly into their eyes for more.

"There isn't any more, poor little chap," said Sidney. "But it may be just as well. After *people* have gone without food for any length of time, it is better not to give them too much at once; and it may be the same way with animals. I think we can go now, Marjorie," he continued. "This little rain won't hurt us, and we must get the arbutus to Mr. Smith before it is too late."

Carrying the dog, who was too weak to walk, they started just as the sun broke through the clouds. A fresh breeze sprang up, bringing with it all sorts of sweet woodsy smells, and shaking thousands of little sparkling drops upon them from the trees.

They entered the town and stopped first at the florist's to deliver the basket of arbutus, and found him anxiously waiting for it.

"I can use all you can bring," he said, to their delight; "and if you will come at seven o'clock, I will have your money ready. Of course I cannot tell yet how much is here." He lifted the fragrant masses and sniffed appreciatively.

Sidney and Marjorie smiled joyously into each other's eyes. Old Glory began to seem a possibility for the little house.

Leaving the florist's, they proceeded to Miss Jane's, with the dog still tightly held in Sidney's arms. In fact he made no attempt to get away, seeming to feel that he was with friends. But as they started up the walk leading to his home, he sat erect in Sidney's arms, and then tried to jump down. Miss Jane saw them coming and was at the door in a moment.

The story of his rescue was told breathlessly, as she warmed some milk for him. Sidney and Marjorie stood by while he lapped it, but Miss Jane disappeared. When she re-entered the room, she slipped something into the hand of each. To their surprise, they found that it was a five-dollar bill.

"O Miss Jane!" cried Sidney and Marjorie in the same breath, extending the money toward her. "We are paid already, to think we found Nugget for you."

But Miss Jane shook her head.

"You evidently do not know," she said, "that I have advertised for Nugget for two

days, and offered a ten-dollar reward for him. He is a very valuable dog, and worth many times that amount. If you don't take the money, I shall go myself and buy something for you with it, and very likely it would not be anything you want."

In her enthusiasm, Marjorie threw her arms about Miss Jane's neck.

"Now we can have our flag, our dear old flag!" she cried. "O Sidney, aren't you happy?"

In a few days' time, Old Glory floated in the breeze from the attic window of the little house, and Sidney and Marjorie ran out of the front gate and across the street to get a better view of its splendor.

"It seems to make the little house look larger," remarked Sidney, "and more—more—"

"Dignified," supplied Marjorie. "And now," she continued, jubilantly, "we can give our arbutus money to the Red Cross. Haven't things worked out beautifully?"

But Sidney, with cap off, was saluting the flag as it rippled in the sunshine.

Keeping Memory Day.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

HOW shall we children keep Memory Day?
We'll honor the soldiers in blue and in gray;
Dewy sweet blossoms we'll strew on each grave,
While guarding their slumber the Stars and Stripes wave.

Then on our dear sacred Memory Day
We'll cheer for the boys of our army to-day;
Heroes in khaki, gone over the sea,
Fighting for freedom, for you and for me.

We will be patriots, doing our part,
Serving our country with hand and with heart,
Ready to help her the very best way—
Thus shall we children keep Memory Day.

When Lilacs Bloom.

BY N. S. HOAGLAND.

TO draw the breath of life is joy,
When lilacs are in bloom;
Delight they give without alloy,
In beauty and perfume.

The common air is sweeter made,
Suggesting Eden's bowers,
So beautifully are they arrayed,
In robes surpassing ours.

The homestead old may pass away,
The house in ruins fall,
But lilacs planted kindly stay,
More sure than granite wall.

A blessing every year made new,
To cheer the earthly places,
A revelation surely true,
Of God's unnumbered graces.

That God is Beauty, Love, and Truth,
The lilacs in their glory
Confirm alike to age and youth
Who learn to read their story.

A teacher of a Bible class asked a pupil, "How far did Paul's zeal carry him?" and received the answer, "Paul went to Damascus on his zeal."

The Twins' Secret.

BY MARIAN WILLARD.

"WHERE in the world has every one gone?" thought poor old Nig, as he sat alone. No little boys were playing marbles or duck-on-the-rock, nobody was playing baseball. Nig was sure something queer had happened.

Nig was right. The boys after school had called to Sammy, "Can you pitch for us to-night?" and Sammy yelled back, "No, got something to do," and he ran into the house and washed his hands. Then Tommy came in very quietly, as though he feared some one might hear, and washed his hands, too. Then, so softly that no one knew where he went, Tommy stole up to the attic alone. As soon as he had gone, Sam ran up to the hayloft of the stable, and all was very quiet. Now this was very queer, for Tommy and Sammy were little twin brothers who were rarely seen apart from each other. Now each was keeping a secret from the other. Poor old Nig sat down on the porch to wait for the two little lads who were his playmates.

At supper-time the boys appeared, and were so much afraid that some one would ask uncomfortable questions, that they talked as loud and fast as they could about the new fire-truck, and Mr. Brown's new auto, so that no one at the table should ask, "What did you do after school to-night?"

This state of things went on nearly every day for a week. Mother smiled a queer little smile when she saw how clean the boys' hands were. Father said, "These rascals must be up to some mischief, sure"; but mother said privately: "The boys are planning a little surprise. Don't worry about them."

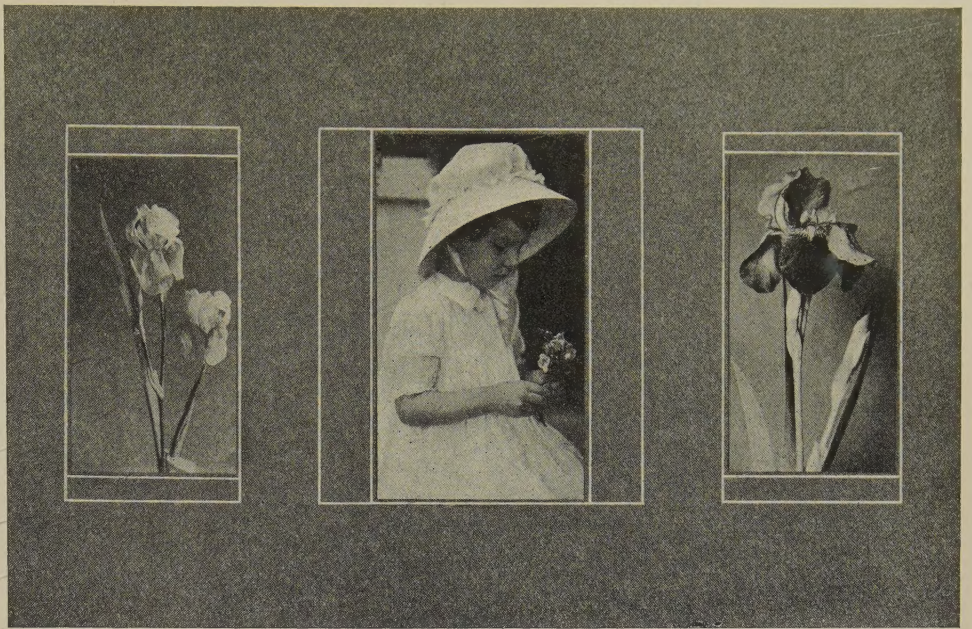
One night Tommy heard the teacher say, "Thomas Harding will please stay after school, for special help in arithmetic." So Tom was late in getting home from school. Sam had disappeared in the stable loft half an hour before. Tom came running down the road, old Nig barking at his heels. A gust of wind blew Tom's hat off, and old Nig was there to catch it.

Into the yard ran Nig, Tom close behind. With the cap in his mouth Nig dashed into the stable, up the old stairs, and into the hayloft. Tom, breathless, followed, and burst in upon Sammy, too astonished to speak. Sam had a large box on his lap, and what do you suppose was in his hands? The secret was out. Sammy was knitting. About a foot of warm gray muffler lay in his lap as he worked. Sammy's face flushed, and he waited to hear "Sissie" or "Miss Nancy," but all Tom said was, "You just wait a minute." His cap which Nig had dropped lay unnoticed as he ran down the stairs.

In about three minutes he came hurrying back with a large box under his arm and sticking out of it was another scarf of gray wool, partly made. "You just bet Ma can keep a secret," said Tom, and then how they laughed as their fingers flew!

"You see, Ed Barnes said that the Coast Guard boys were cold, and I thought I'd like to help keep one poor chap warm," said Tom. "That's what I thought, too," said Sam.

After that each day after school the twins sat together in the hayloft, each one glad to know that his work was to keep some soldier or sailor boy warm, while old Nig, who really let out the secret, snored at their feet.



The Children's Memorial Day.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR LITTLE GIRLS.

BY AGNES MILLER.

(Josephine May, the little daughter of an officer in a Michigan regiment stationed in Virginia in 1862, is said to have been the first person to decorate the graves of soldiers who fell in the Civil War. She and her playmates put flowers on the graves of men buried near the camp.)

Characters:

JOSEPHINE, FLORA, ROSALIE, EDITH.

(The dialogue takes place in "Camp Michigan," Virginia, in the spring of 1862.)

(Enter the four little girls, carrying armfuls of flowers.)

EDITH:
How early Spring has come! How strange it seems

To feel the Southern sun's bright, golden beams

When all our Northern homes still gleam with snow!

ROSALIE:
Yes, ere the earliest Northern flower can blow,
Here in Virginia's mild and balmy air
Wild flowers and garden flowers spring every-
where,

As if in Fairyland, at Fairies' call!

FLORA:
They are the Fairies' welcome to us all,
Who here in camp wait for the war to end:
The foe is near, but every flower's a friend!
See what a wealth of friends!

JOSEPHINE:
Could we not spare
Some of our wealth, and deck a spot that's
bare

And cold and lonely?

EDITH:
What, a place near by?

JOSEPHINE:
Yes; 'tis a resting-place where heroes lie.
Girls, over in the meadow where we play,
Some soldier-boys were laid the other day,
Boys from your fathers' regiment and mine,
Borne here from yonder cruel battle-line—
FLORA:
What were their names?

JOSEPHINE:
Alas, I cannot tell,
Dear Flora, but they served their country
well.
For you and me, yonder they lie alone

In graves o'er which the grass has scarcely
grown.

Let's heap their graves with flowers; perhaps
they'll know

They're not forgotten!

FLORA: What, forgotten? No.
All soldiers of the North must ever be
Remembered.

JOSEPHINE: Not those only, Rosalie,
For there are other soldiers' graves than ours,
As bare as those—as much in need of flowers—

EDITH:
I know: you mean the prisoners' graves.

JOSEPHINE: I do,—
There in the field beyond our boys in blue.

ROSALIE:
Let's make no difference 'twixt the Blue and
Gray,

Such as we always made before to-day.

EDITH:
I say so too.

FLORA: And I.

JOSEPHINE: And so do I.

Those soldiers of the Gray have had to die
As ours have, had to suffer and to fight
As ours did, for the cause they thought was
right.

Here in a hostile camp, with no one near
To cheer them, far from all they held most
dear,

They died. Ah, though their cause was never
ours,

Does not dear Mother Earth bring forth her
flowers

For all?
ROSALIE:
Surely, for all alike! Come, let us weave
Wreaths for both North and South.

EDITH:
I do believe

That if we deck alike the Blue and Gray,
Perhaps some Southern children will some day
Lay flowers upon the graves of Northern men.

JOSEPHINE:
Oh, I believe it, too! And if so, then
Our country will no more be torn in twain,
But love will reunite us, and again
Over Confederate and Union grave,
One flag for all—the Stars and Stripes—will
wave!



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

8 CARRUTH STREET,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have just been solving the puzzles in to-day's *Beacon*. Do you remember the picture in one of the *Beacons* of "The Boy with the Torn Hat"? Well, I never thought I would see it in its real colors, but I did. One day I went in town with my mother. We went into Jordan Marsh's for something. I discovered a counter with lots of pretty pictures, and I went over to look at them. Among them was that picture; I examined it and I thought it was very pretty.

I also have "Morning Prayers in the Family of Sebastian Bach" hanging on the wall in my room.

I would like to belong to the Club and wear its button. I am thirteen years old.

Yours truly,

MARION WENTWORTH.

Thank you, Marion, for telling us about the pictures. We are always glad to know what pictures our readers find interesting.

Have any of our boys and girls seen a copy, in color, of "The Flower Girl in Holland," which was used in our Easter number? This painting is in the Chicago Art Institute, and copies of it may sometimes be found as Marion found "The Boy with the Torn Hat."

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Dear Miss Buck,—We go to the First Unitarian Church of this city. Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes is our minister. We get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. We have our lesson and then read a good story out of *The Beacon*. Last Sunday we read "David, Impresario," and liked it very much. I work the puzzles every week and find them very interesting. I have learned the little poem of "Pussy-willow" from the last paper for Easter.

We like your purpose, motto, and badge.

I am secretary of our class. I am writing for the class. I am eleven years old. We all wish to become members of the Club and wear the button.

Your friends,

GEORGE P. BILBE, JOHN LEVIN, HARRY HAKISON,
CHARLES BILBE, ARTHUR L. BILBE.

MAUDE BILBE, *Secretary*.

You are the Hope of the World.

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN.

GIRLS and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!

That isn't an empty phrase. What remains of the youth of Europe after the war will be crippled and scarred in body or spirit; and those who are children to-day will have to give all their energies to the mere physical rebuilding of shattered cities and the more difficult and delicate reconstruction of shattered social systems. Schools will have to be thoroughly overhauled, histories will have to be rewritten. There will be no time for men to struggle long, patiently in art, or science, or literature. There will be too much common drudgery that will have to be done, day by day. And the men of vision will be few.

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world! We have a rich country. We have not been touched by war. Not really touched by it. Not touched as Belgium and France and England have been touched, clutched, throttled, flung down by it! You who are ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen or seventeen now will, probably, not be closely touched by it at all. Your brothers may go, to fight for freedom on the sea or in France; but you, Bill and Jack and George and Mary and Susan and Jane will stay home, and do—what?

That's the great question. At bottom, it's the greatest question confronting this dear country of ours. At bottom, it's greater than any question of guns or money or potatoes or submarines or party politics—the question, in the nation's crisis is: What are you girls and boys of America going to do?

You are the hope of the world! That isn't empty rhetoric. That is hard fact. But, you say, there are girls and boys in other countries scarcely touched by the War; in India, for instance, in Japan, in China, millions of them; there are girls and boys in Norway and Sweden and Spain and Holland

and South America. Why, you say, are we the world's hope? Why must we carry that responsibility? We'd rather not, you say.

You can't evade it, Young America. The stars have conspired against you. Destiny, which made your country rich and gave her great leaders in time of need, and helped her to build a magnificent republic out of many races and many creeds; Destiny that brought you to the light under the Eagle and the Stars and Stripes; Destiny, that chose America to be the greatest laboratory, the greatest testing-ground of democracy in the world; Destiny, Fortune, God, whatever you want to call it, laid on you the privilege and the responsibility of being the hope of a world in tears. You can carry this responsibility and be glorious. You can throw it off, and be damned; but you cannot ignore it.

You are the hope of the world! And are you, while your country strips for battle and your brothers prepare themselves to fight "for what America has always fought for—Liberty"—are you going on dancing and spinning on your ear and going to the movies and the music shows and loafing at street corners and reading the sporting page and dolling up your figure and your face? Or are you going to wake up suddenly to the emptiness and the ugliness of all this, and throw it aside, crying, "By crickets, there are big things in this world, and, by all that's clean in me and true in me and brave in me and American in me, I'm going out to find them and give my heart and soul to them and make myself a part of them; so that, as far as I am concerned, the hope of the world shall be fulfilled!"

YOUNG AMERICA, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

Reprinted by permission of the publishers, The Macmillan Company, from Hermann Hagedorn's "You are the Hope of the World."

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXVIII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 8, 11, 6, 2, is a title.

My 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, is a boy's name.

My 14, 7, 3, 2, is a string.

My 1, 5, 12, 13, is a place where money is kept.

My 4, 11, 6, is something most children like.

My 1, 7, 16, is something which coal is kept in.

My 15, 16, is a preposition.

My whole is an important person in history.

HELEN SYMONDS.

ENIGMA LXIX.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, is to steal.

My 8, 4, 11, 12, 16, is a number.

My 14, 15, 13, is another name for boy.

My 7, 10, 6, is a verb.

My 5, 2, 9, is to decay.

My whole is a poet.

MARY BOND.

ENIGMA LXX.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 8, 9, 10, is a boy's nickname.

My 5, 6, 7, 8, is what we do on Sunday.

My 3, 1, 2, is what a man sometimes sells.

My 5, 4, 2, 3, is what people who own houses sometimes do with them.

My whole is what we all are in *The Beacon*.

KATHERINE RICH.

SOME TWISTED GIRLS' NAMES.

1. Loveti.
2. Yrtelm
3. Daa.
4. Neda.
5. Eenir.
6. Cilae.
7. Tbrhae.
8. Ahamrt.
9. Scotanne.
10. Oesr.

VIOLET E. ANGELL.

A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. Grown-up boys.
3. A girl's name.
4. Exactly right.
5. Daughter of a brother or sister.
6. A single point.
7. A consonant.

FRANCES AND GLADYS SMYTHE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXIV.—Make this a happy day for mother.

ENIGMA LXV.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

RIDDLE.—A watch.

MORE TWISTED NAMES OF MEN IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.—1. Webster. 2. Cleveland. 3. Jackson. 4. Jefferson. 5. Hancock. 6. Burr. 7. Clay. 8. Everett. 9. Roosevelt. 10. McKinley.

THE BEACON.

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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